And more then ſo, thou haſt moſt traitorouſly erected a Grammar ſchoole, to infect the youth of the Realme, and againſt the Kings Crowne and dignity, thou haſt built vp a paper Mill; nay it will bee ſaide to thy face, that thou keep'ſt men in thy houſe that daily reads of bookes with red letters, & talks of a Nowne and a Verbe, and ſuch abhominable words as no Chriſtian eare is able to endure it.

And beſides all this, thou haſt appointed certaine Iuſtices of the Peace, in euery ſhire, to hang honeſt men that ſteal for their liuing, and becauſe they could not reade, thou haſt hung them vp: onely for which cauſe, they were moſt worthy to liue. Thou rideſt on a foot-cloth, doſt thou not?

Say. Yes, what of that?

Cade. Marry I ſay, thou oughteſt not to let thy horſe weare a cloake, when an honeſter man then thy ſelfe, goes in his hoſe & doublet.

Say. You men of Kent.

All. Kent, what of Kent?

Say. Nothing, but *Bona terra.*

Cade. Bonum terum, zounds what's that?

Dicke. He ſpeakes French.

Will. No tis Dutch.

Nicke. No tis Outalian, I know it well enough.

Say. Kent (in the Commentaries Cæſar wrote)
Term'd it the ciuilſt place of all this Land:
Then Noble Country-men heare me but ſpeake,
I ſold not France, nor loſt I Normandie.

Cade. But wherefore doſt thou ſhake thy head ſo?

Say. It is the palſie, and not feare that makes me.

Cade. Nay, thou noddſt thy head at vs, as who wouldſt ſay,
Thou wilt be euen with me if thou getſt away:
But ile make thee ſure enough now I haue thee.
Go take him to the ſtandard in Cheape-ſide, and choppe off his head, and then go to Mile-end greene to ſir Iames Cromer his ſon in Law, and cut off his head too, and bring them to me vpon two poles preſently. Away with him.

Exit one or two with the Lord Say.

There

There ſhall not a Nobleman weare a head on his ſhoulders,
But he ſhall pay me tribute for it.
Nor there ſhall not a maide be married, but he ſhall fee to mee for her.
Mayden-head or elſe, Ile haue it my ſelfe:
Marry I will that married men ſhall hold of me in *capite,*
And that their wiues ſhall be as free as heart can think, or toong can tell.

Enter Robin.

Rob. O Captaine, London-bridge is a fire.

Cad. Runne to Billingſgate, and fetch Pitch and Flaxe, and quench it.

Enter Dicke and a Sargeant.

Sargeant. Iuſtice, iuſtice, I pray you ſir, let me haue iuſtice of this fellow heere.

Cade. Why what has he done?

Sarg. Alas ſir he has rauiſht my wife.

Dick. Why my Lord he would haue reſted me,
And I went and entred my Action in his wiues paper houſe.

Cade. Dicke follow thy ſute in her common place.
Your horſon villaine, you are a Sergeant, you'l
Take any man by the throate for twelue pence:
And reſt a man when he is at dinner,
And haue him to priſon ere the meate be out on's mouth.
Go Dicke take him hence, and cut out his tongue for cogging,
Hough him for running, and to conclude,
Braue him with his owne mace.

Exit with the Sargeant.

Enter two with the Lord Sayes head, and ſir Iames Cromers, vpon two poles.

So, come carry them before me, and at euery lanes end, let them kiſſe together.

Enter the Duke of Buckingham, and Lord Clifford, the Earle of Cumberland.

Clif. Why Countrey-men, and warlike friends of Kent,
What meanes theſe mutinous rebellions,
That you in troopes do muſter thus your ſelues,